

The Story of Romeo's Kids, as I remember it

By Iris Joy Bradley (3-21-2003)

For some of this I have to rely on my own distant memories. Many of the people involved in those first meetings have now passed away, and others I have not been able to contact. The group that later became Romeo's Kids began in College Place during the latter years of the 1970's. Several families who lived in the area got together and were reminiscing about Auburn years. They thought it would be a good idea to meet often, and so it began. They spread the word and met again the following year. The only ones I know for sure are Geneva and Elmer Smith and Loris & Barbara Qualley. The meeting was held in the recreation room of a local mobile home park. For one of those early meetings Esther Aronson Seaton (now Larson) and I drove over from Portland and stayed with Esther's cousin, Geneva Smith. Loris Qualley took the list of those who signed in and began sending out letters for the next meeting. After a few years, the word got around and those from the western part of the country wanted a meeting in their area, and I don't know who made the first arrangements to use Gladstone. The meetings alternated between College Place and Gladstone, until the facilities at College Place could not handle the crowds that began attending.

I think it was in 1979 we held the meeting at Wallowa State Park in eastern Oregon and Bennie and Suzanne Johnson brought dozens of fresh donuts for Sabbath breakfast. At each of the meetings, Loris and his crew always had a "Buckaroo breakfast" on Sunday morning.

In 1980 the gathering was held at Rosario Beach, and Professor Hubbs attended. Later he wrote a letter about that meeting which is included in this book.

I think it was about this time that we began to have all the meetings at Gladstone, and Loris continued to try to get letters out for each meeting. Also about this time, because he lived near, Don Coy was unofficially appointed "president" and for several years he made the meeting arrangements. Loris continued with the "Buckaroo breakfasts."

The attendance was getting up to around 150 or so, and it was too much for one person to handle, so in 1986, Don asked for a meeting to decide the future of the group. Up until this time, we didn't have an official name—we called ourselves "the Auburn group" or the "Hubbs group." We didn't want to get mixed up with the Auburn Alumni name. At this meeting several names were suggested, and I facetiously said "how about Romeo's Kids?" Bennie Johnson was at the meeting and he said he thought "Prof." would like that, and it was voted to call ourselves "Romeo's Kids." There have been a couple times the name almost caused some trouble. When the first letter went out with that name on the return, Frank Owens later told me he almost threw it out without reading it as he thought it was an ad for some kind of medieval program. Later when we had to move away from Gladstone, I found a nice facility at the Church of God campground in Brooks, OR, and they also thought something like that and would not put that on the reader board at the entrance of the park. They just put "Auburn Academy." So from then on, the return added "of Auburn Academy."

When Loris gave me the lists he had made, I compared it to all the annuals I had. Since I wasn't there during all of Prof. Hubbs' years, Orville Eros kindly lent me his old annuals that covered those years. I went through phone books at the library comparing addresses I had with current phone books. I was fortunate to live in a large city whose library had phone books, even for small towns. Harold Gray took my lists and got permission to go through the registration records from the archives at the Academy. That was a real labor of love, as at the time he was going through those records, we were having a record heat wave! With each letter I sent a list of those that hadn't been located yet. And the "Kids" responded with names and addresses. The list finally grew to over 400!

We tried to set a “dues” schedule of \$5 per member. But when I set out a “donation” jar, those who attended were very generous, and after the first year, with the proceeds from the jar and the checks that came to me, there was always enough to take care of paper, postage, and costs of whatever facility we used.

I have a friend who has a print shop and she and I designed an “Adoption Certificate” and I issued them to spouses of “Kids.” I had a seal from when I was in business, and had a “Romeo’s Kids” plate made, so they looked quite official.

In the spring of 1990, I was notified that Gladstone campground was for sale, and we would not be able to have our meeting there. I was able to get the use of Laurelwood Academy and we met there for two years. Then we were priced out of there, and I was able to get the use of the Church of God campground in Brooks, just north of Salem. We met there until the facility again became available at Gladstone in 1998. Finally, in 1999, we had our “farewell” meeting. So many of us are not able to travel, or have spouses that cannot, that it seemed the wise thing to cease having meetings. I still try to get out an occasional letter, and do manage to keep in touch with all those who have e-mail. It seems each time we had to move, Providence gave us someplace else. Even if the dates were not the most favorable, we still had good attendance. Each new facility was “just right” for us with everything in one place—lodging, eating and meetings.

Sadly, many of our Auburn Academy friends have passed away.

There have been some weddings attributed to Romeo’s Kids meetings, even Walt’s and mine, though he is now gone. And there have been some who came back to the church of their youth. Every single person has been welcomed, and never made to feel less than one of us if they chose to live a different life.

I think Romeo Lee Hubbs would be proud of each of “his Kids.”

Regina Hall

A buzzer sounds!! Study period is over, doors burst open, girls are ready, towels and soap in hand—time to race to the showers, one big room on each floor, two shower heads, four to six girls at once, hurry, more are waiting—dry off, brush teeth, wash undies, there are two sinks, hurry, hurry. The noise!! The chatter!! The good spirits!! Hurry, hurry, lights out soon, they blink a warning two minutes, and they are out. Mostly everyone accomplished the rituals and are in their rooms. Some girls really do go to sleep, some talk. After room checks and all is quiet, some go stealthily to another room for talk about clothes, about family and of course about boys—admit you like a boy and it is all over the dorm, then the next day the school. Care packages from home, time for feasting by flashlight, more giggling, and laughing, some monitor has to check, be quiet—eventually it quiets down. Write all this important information in your diary.

And sometimes we would gather seriously for very earnest prayers when there was some tragedy at someone's home or illness or problem at school.

A lot of camaraderie among the girls—somehow little sections take on a personality of their own. The older girls seem so wise, the younger girls seem so very young. Some sections are noisy and boisterous, some sections a little more sedate.

Clanging bells awaken the sleepers. The pace is slower for most, but the rituals are observed and everyone files down to worship. Who can sing at this hour? Some can and do joyfully. The dean (preceptress) has a thought for the day, probably part of the philosophy of most of the girls even though it is doubtful anyone could tell about a single morning worship.

Breakfast, classes, or work then classes. The rooms were checked and graded. Did these habits really become part of our inner fabric as was their hope, along with worship talks, morning and evening worship?

Girls' Club, Regina Culture Club—we lived in Regina Hall. The poor old building could not pass any building code today, and probably not may codes then. It was old and genteelly, well, gloomy. We chuckled about the name Regina, queenly, quite a goal for kids surviving the Great Depression. We didn't think our status in life had much in common with royalty, but we didn't worry too much about that.

Sometimes we wished we had better accommodations like the boys, with a sink in every room and hardwood floors and a relatively new dorm. Sometimes we complained about all the freedom the boys had and how restricted we were, but for the most part we just enjoyed ourselves, made friends that lasted a lifetime and struggled with the problems and joys of being a teenagers with lots of hope for the future in a world that would soon be involved in World War II. In any case our lives would never be the same again.

Some of the culture that we were to absorb was to be gracious under trials and stress. Our opportunities to practice this virtue came when we had our annual Boys' Club Banquet and the Girls' Club Banquet. We drew names for partners. The general idea was for this to be a random selection and our dean spent many worship periods explaining that it was good for us to practice being gracious to people we didn't know very well and had little in common with. The system worked to a degree. There was some trading of names, but there were always some who felt the rules should be followed, and so they were able to learn how to be gracious. This writer after all these years can only remember one partner, and that only because the impression was given that any other name on the slip would have been more acceptable. On reflection, it may have been just as good a plan as worrying about being asked or asking as is the custom today.

About 1940-41 was the age of the fabled bobby soxers—saddle shoes and bobby sox, lots of lipstick, jitterbug dancing and big bands. We didn't jitterbug, but we did listen to the big bands. Our dress code called for stockings and no lipstick. The saddle shoes were ok. Nylons came into use during this time, but it was difficult to get to town if all the stockings had runs, so there were a lot of stockings with runs worn on campus. Slacks were never worn.

This was also the time of the GREAT DEPRESSION, probably a time in history which affected our attitudes more than we ever realized. Many men lost their jobs, starting in 1929—it was such a struggle to keep a family fed and clothed, and a roof over their heads. There were many young men at Auburn during these years who were older; they had quit school to work and help their parents and were now coming back to school. There were opportunities to work in the wood work shop to earn money. High school and community colleges were not offering GED and other opportunities to get that high school diploma as they do now, so there was a larger span in ages of students than before or since.

So the pages of the calendar turned, and the seasons followed one another and the time came for each of us to leave—and most of us had such lasting happy memories of the school, the friends we made, the hard working dedicated teachers. We are writing these accounts so that future generations can know what a really cohesive group we were.

Anonymous

Memories of Dorm Life in the Girls' Dorm Long Ago

by Joanne Hills Arnell

I was a senior during the school year, September 1937 - June 1938.

One of my several duties as a senior was to do room check each night which meant that my roommate, Alta Shallenberg (Shally) and I went to each room with our flashlight to be sure that each occupant was indeed in her room, safe and sound.

We were also chaperones. Auburn Academy is and was located between Green River and White River. Each Sabbath afternoon we rotated with the boys as to which river we were allowed to go to for our afternoon walk. Of course, we were not allowed to go to the river designated for the boys. It was Shally's & my job to be sure this did not happen.

One night as Shally & I had completed room-check and had wearily settled down to sleep in our bunk beds, an alarm went off, and another again an hour later. This went on all night long. We weren't exactly bright-eyed and bushy tailed during classes the next day; bleary-eyed would be a more accurate description. As it happened, the freshmen girls were having fun that night, but we did get even with them. It was a long time until they were able to get their clocks back. It never happened a second time.

I especially remember also our Friday night worship services, when we came to the worship room a little before sundown, having had our showers, dressed in our robes, often with curlers in our hair. We would all sing a few hymns after which Irene Pannett (now Lottman) - (that's another story) would read an inspiring story to us, followed by a timely text and prayer. A good night's sleep was had by all. The next morning, we were off to the cafeteria to join the boys for breakfast.

Sabbaths were always rewarding at which time we were always inspired by a sermon by Professor Romeo Hubbs, a truly inspiring and much respected principal. He never failed to share nuggets of practical wisdom with us.

After church and lunch, we would hike to either Green River or White River, weather permitting.

Special events included roller skating, tennis, special programs on Saturday nights, and best of all was our wonderful Valentine's Day banquet where very special, delicious food was served by candlelight, and we were entertained by a delightful program. Of course, we were all dressed in our most beautiful clothes, usually purchased for this gala event.

And then, it was always fun when we reserved the little kitchen in the dorm and cooked our own meal. I remember making golden brown, crispy waffles. It was a real treat!

I directed the class prophecy which in a dramatic way foretold what each of our futures would be. The setting was in Dr. Harold Fey's dental office, since he aspired to be a dentist. (He actually was a maxillary surgeon who practiced in Everett, Washington.) I don't remember who played the part of his dental hygienist, but as we came to him as patients, we told of our future careers. That was a fun night.

Junior-senior picnic was a lovely time, but I ended up in the Virginia Mason Hospital in Seattle that day because of an appendicitis attack, nor did I officially graduate at "17" that eventful year - 1938. I was still in the hospital following surgery. I did, however, have lots of visits from faculty & friends and enough flowers for a flower shop.

Most of us had jobs to help pay for our tuition. I worked in the cafeteria. Part of my job was to mix the white margarine in huge metal bowls with orange coloring added to real butter.

There were a furniture shop, a dairy and a laundry also.

Those were happy days, long gone by; friendships were made that have lasted through the years, some of which were romantic, ending in happy marriages. Nevertheless, the memories have lasted a lifetime.

Prof. Hubbs

It's difficult to put in words, what there was about Prof. that brought such a large group of former students together for some 20 years in his honor.

I believe Lowell Bock, a retired G.C. vice-president, best expressed what there was about him that brought such a large group of former students together every year. It was his unique style of relating to students and faculty—a natural inborn quality few people have. It caused a love for him that never faded. I spent part of my freshman year at Y.V.A. under his leadership as principal, and of course my junior and senior years at A.A. One of the main attractions for me to come to A.A. was Prof. Hubbs. I don't ever recall a chapel service where he was the speaker that wasn't good. As I recall, his favorite song was "When we all get to Heaven." How he loved to hear us sing, and we knew it.

The first Mrs. Hubbs was the guiding power behind the Prof. Soon after his second marriage, Betty and I met him and his bride outside the W.W.C. church. He said to Betty, "Is your husband romantic?" then quickly said "I'm a romantic."

In all my contacts and conversations with him, he always made me feel at ease and genuinely interested in me. During his principalship at Y.V.A. he came to my parents' home several times looking for potential students. I ate at his home several times and always felt relaxed and comfortable. He always seemed happy I was there. Even though he never spied on us, he always seemed to be aware of what we were all about.

He had faults like all of us. I considered him highly intelligent, which he let you know. He was somewhat proud and boastful, but very down to earth. It was very hard not to admire and respect him for who he was. Usually when you do things in school, that you'd like to get away with, you dread being caught, but with him, it was more than that. You didn't want to disappoint him in his regard to who you were.

What a day that will be when we all meet again in our eternal home.

Don Coy

My name is Bill Henton. A little over a month ago a friend of mine, Melvin Lund, asked me if I would write something about Auburn Academy during the time that Prof. Hubbs was principal and to give a little insight as to what the school and school life was like over 65 years ago.

Although I will be 80 in a couple of months, I do remember a number of things that may or may not interest you. So dear reader, read on.

The year was 1937, the month was January when my father left me at A.A., at the suggestion of an uncle of mine who was an SDA. He said it would be good for me, sort of point me in the right direction. At this point in time my mother had died, and although I didn't know it at the time, my father would die two months later. The school at that time consisted of the boys' dorm (Gibson Hall), which had a wash basin with hot and cold running water and a medicine cabinet. The girls' dorm had none of the above. The administration building had all the class rooms, the chapel and office on the upper floor with the dining room, kitchen and bakery below at ground level. The laundry was located in a separate building as was the boiler room and greenhouse. There was also a gym, the furniture factory, and some other buildings including the milk house. The barn, cows and chicken house were located across the road where the girls' dorm is now.

The student body was a bit different than it is today. At age 13, I was the youngest. If I remember correctly the oldest was 38. The dean of boys, Prof. Schoepflin, was 24. This was during the Depression, jobs were hard to find and some with large families sent their kids to the academy because that made one less mouth to feed and besides that you could work your way through school, and many did. At that time, 1937, the room, board and tuition was \$30.50 per month for dorm students, and \$9.00 per month for village students. If you worked in the shop you could earn 10 cents an hour and as you got older you could actually make 25 cents an hour.

The faculty at that time consisted of 10 teachers plus the cook, Mr. DeVice—who ran the shop, and someone who ran the farm. We had morning and evening worship and chapel every day. Prof. Hubbs usually had the chapel service which usually was very inspiring, and quite often the inspirational thoughts that came to him while shaving, or so he said. He was apparently a well-read person because he seemed to have something to say about everything. He liked Studebaker cars and got a new one each year except in 1940. In 1940, he purchased a new Chrysler which apparently upset some of the saints in the conference. They (whoever they was) felt that it was not proper for an academy principal to be able to afford a Chrysler because it just didn't look right. So he sold it, but I do remember the chapel talk that it generated, and I did get to drive it. You see, at that time I was the proud owner of a 1929 Essex that the school didn't think too much of. So I tried to limit my driving. One day when I was walking up from Auburn, Prof. Hubbs stopped to pick me up and asked if I would like to drive his new Chrysler (of course before he sold it). This was quite a treat, but you know it was a lot quieter than my car, where I judged the speed by sound and vibration. When I turned off the highway on to the old gravel road that led to the academy I was going a lot faster than I thought and although we didn't hit the ditch, we did slide a bit. All Prof. Hubbs said "Man," real loud. I did thank him a lot, but you know, he never offered to let me drive it again.

In those days If you were caught doing anything wrong you were given free labor as punishment. I believe I did my fair share. I mowed the campus with a push mower (not gas powered), also dug stumps and other fun things. One day in my junior year I noticed a bit of a change in the free labor pattern. As usual I had done a few things wrong because as yet I had not risen to the level of perfection. I had received 2 hours, then 4 hours, then 8 hours, then 16 hours, then 32, and on this particular day I was given 64 hours of free labor for something that I didn't think justified that much punishment. I asked the boys' dean, Prof. Schoepflin, why he had given me so much free labor, and he just smiled and said, "Bill, I just double it each time." Well, you know, I was not exceptionally bright, but it didn't take much to see the next would be 128 then 256 and so on.

Well, after thinking it over for a while (about 5 minutes) I left school because I could see at the rate I was going that if I ever graduated, I would have to stay at school a year or so in order to complete my free labor requirements. Where I went at this point in time, I really don't know. I was 16, with no money, no home and no place to go. I know I did return after 3 or 4 days, and "free labor" never became an issue again.

One of Prof. Hubbs chapel talks that we heard at least once a year was about the “Famous Five Percent” he called them. It seems that according to the reliable information he had that when something went wrong that it was caused by five percent of the population (the same ones all the time.) Translated, it means that five percent of the kids are going to cause trouble. In other words in our school of 150 or so students, there were bound to be seven and one half troublemakers. Now this may be correct, but this did not factor in who you were or what connections you had. One day during chapel, someone started up the bread mixer in the bakery that was located just below the chapel. The problem was that the same someone had placed some empty tin cans in the mixer so it make quite a racket.

Guess what? That afternoon Prof. Hubbs called me into his office and asked me what I knew about it. Well, for once, I was not involved, so I asked him why he thought I had done this terrible thing. So, you guessed it; I received a personal lecture about the famous five percent. But I really don’t think he believed me. Now the story doesn’t end there. A few years ago, or about 50 years after the can incident, I attended a potluck with a few school friends, and I mentioned the can in the mixer, and how I was accused of it and still wondered who the culprit was. Well, sitting next to me was my friend Chauncy Betts, who said, “Bill, don’t you know who did that? It was me.” So after 50 years the mystery was solved. I’m sure he feels better, too, for I hear that confession is good for the soul.

In those days we were urged to go for a walk on Sabbath afternoon to either Green River or White River. The boys and girls would alternate, never both to the same river. I remember one Sabbath hike in particular. It was 1938, in the spring of the year, probably March, and it was our turn to go to Green River. There were 5 of us (probably the famous 5% Prof. Hubbs referred to), Harris Norton, Dan and John McMeekin, Don Altman and myself. When we got to the river we discovered that because of recent rains that it was at flood stage, and all sorts of things were floating down the river, and it was really moving fast. There were 6 or 8 logs about 20 feet long that had washed up on the sand bar right in front of us, and as we stood looking at this someone said, “What do you say we build a raft and float down to Kent and then we can hitch hike a ride back to the academy?” Well that was a dumb idea, but in about 45 minutes we had the raft done and were ready to launch. One got on each corner with a pole to steer with, and I found an apple box and I sat right in the middle of this 8 by 20 foot raft. So we pushed out into the current and away we went.

There was one disturbing problem which we tried to ignore. With the five of us on board, the raft looked more like a submarine. There was only about an inch or so showing above the water. It looked more like a miracle, five boys walking on the water. Things went fairly well for about five minutes or so (time flies when you are having fun). In a few minutes we came around a bend in the river and saw a problem. There up ahead was a large tree with the top down stream and the root system right in front of us a couple hundred yards off. From my view on the apple box, I could see we were in deep trouble, so I shouted (I remember this well), “Pole to the left!” Our course hardly changed, so I shouted, “Pole to the right,” and again little change. So guess what? We hit it dead center. Things happened pretty fast because the next thing I knew I was under water. Apparently when we hit and I was thrown into the water, I had put my arms out in front of me to catch myself, and so I grabbed the first thing that came along which happened to be the bottom roots of the stump.

So there I was, pinned under the stump and held there by the pressure of the water with the surface about 6 inches above my face. I pulled as hard as I could and nothing happened, so I let go and nothing happened either. Now at this point (I had heard that at times like this your whole life flashed before you, but not for me) I was just stuck and no way out. So I pulled again, and I felt a hand grab the collar of my shirt and as we pulled together my head came out and I could breathe again. I doubt if I was under over 30 seconds, but it seemed a bit longer.

The other four guys had jumped onto the stump when we hit and didn’t even get wet. When they missed me, Don Altman saw my hands and pulled me out. We rested for a few minutes trying to decide what to do. After about 10 minutes a part of the root system we were standing on broke away and went down the river, so we figured we had to do something pretty fast. The problem was that we were about 30 feet from shore with a fast running river between us and safety, a stump that was breaking up, and the real problem was that none of us knew how to swim.

Don said he could dog paddle, so we volunteered him to go for the shore. He made it and pushed a long

pole out from the shore so we had something to jump and grab onto. So each one jumped, paddled, and grabbed. We were all wet and I think a bit wiser. You hear that the good Lord watches over those who do His will. Well, I know for sure that He also watches over those who do dumb things, even on Sabbath.

Prof Hubbs was really a great guy, and in the spring of 1939, I was one of the ones that gave him fuel for one of his chapel talks. It happened this way. One of the boys needed a hair cut in a bad way, so some of us offered to cut his hair. He was pretty gullible, so he agreed. At this point, I want to say that I did none of the cutting, but I did give some advice. Not something I am proud of. The job looked pretty good from the front, but the back was something else. It was sort of stair-stepped up the back. The kid that did the hair cut put hair oil on, combed it nicely and then cut quite a bit of it close to his head and told him not to comb it till tomorrow. Well, of course, when he combed it a large part came off. It did not look good.

We were sophomores at the time, and the next day, four or five of the seniors, who were much larger than we, caught us and cut our hair. I had a path about 3 inches wide cut from front to back. Bill Roe had the front half cut off, and Allen Justason had a clump of hair about the size of a dollar cut off the front. This was sort of irritating because we had done none of the cutting. As we looked at the damage done to our hair, someone came up with the bright idea that we should shave our heads and then it would all come in the same length and also possibly curly (it didn't).

Allen decided to comb his hair over the bald spot, so Bill, my roommate, Lavern Lodge and I shaved our heads. Now days a shaved head is no big deal, but then it was. I remember the next morning finding I was bald. It was terrible. I couldn't believe I'd done it.

We were told to stay in our room till they could figure out what to do with us. We were then told we had to go to school and we could not wear a cap. But back to Prof. Hubbs. He had a talk on exhibitionists and what they would do to attract attention. I got this information from hearsay, because we were dorm bound at that time. The kid that cut the hair never did get caught and the older kids that cut our hair didn't get punished either. If there is a moral to this story, it is either, you can become guilty by association, or might is right, even if you are wrong. Take your pick.

I don't know what the students do on Saturday nights now, but when I was there from 1937 to 1940, we would go out to the gym and either skate or march or both. Prof. Hubbs usually led the march. We would follow him in a long line around the gym, sometimes in circles, sometimes in reverse, or whatever. We were told that it gets your blood circulating. It was great fun.

By my senior year, I guess I had started to get with my studies a bit more and actually did something intelligent for a change. I took physics and I enjoyed the experiments, but disliked doing the reports. As we were supposed to have a partner, I asked Melvin Lund to be my partner, as he was a very detailed person. In fact he was a wonderful report writer. I did the experiments and he wrote. We were on experiment 14 or 15 while the rest of the class were on 6 or 7. We made a great team. In fact, I actually got an A on the mid semester test.

Then on Dec. 3, 1940, the school felt they could do without me. I was expelled for good reason.

Comments: Prof. Hubbs was a very fine man. I think most of the teachers did their best. If there is a moral to all this, I guess I'd say: Do your very best each day, for you will never get a chance to live this day again. If you get a chance to work on a project with a partner, pick one who has the strengths you don't have. That goes for marriage, too. By the way, our son Eric Henton graduated in 2001, just 60 years from when I should have.

There is a message here. Don't fool around, for you only cheat yourself.

Bill Henton
29 January 2003

I had special memories of Auburn—yes, and all of them are wonderful. In fact I feel closer to many of those old (real) friends to this day, than many of my relatives. . . . Actually, this very day I had church and lunch with some of them (the Hurley tribe) who have always called me “sister” and include me in every occasion. . .

I was a legal ward of Prof. Hubbs at Auburn because my parents ran a gold mining camp in Alaska that was served by a weekly plane, and they would not be available in any emergency. Of course, the inevitable happened, and I had emergency surgery for appendicitis at Tacoma during my first summer. . . we were year-round students. I appreciated Prof more than he knew at that time.

I roomed with Delta Hurley and we had a lot of kitchen memories—some are bizarre today. It was a time just out of the depression, and none of us had a thing, so we appreciated the hearty meals, the whole milk, the wonderful breads and fruits. Once Mrs. Bringle got in a box of cashew nuts for the school and it was infested with larva—I cannot say what they were except they looked a lot like the nut itself. Delta would bring a container to our room in the dorm, and after lights were out, she ate them. I was so squeamish I had a hard time but hunger took over, and I asked, “How do you know if you have a real cashew?” and she said, “You hold them in your hands a few minutes and if they move, it isn’t a nut”. . .

Once Ben (Johnson) Hubbs made Delta and me angry; he was night watchman and came to our room window at night and talked long hours when we were tired. I went out into the garden one day, and got some fresh lettuce, sliced some bread, emptied a trap and put a mouse inside the sandwich—well, he “bit” and I never heard the end of it. He would tell that story at reunions every time he would have a chance, and I always retorted, “You looked protein starved, the mouse was good SDA bakery raised meat”. . .

One very cold day I watched some boys sneak under the “deck” overlooking the Muckleshoot reservation, and one of the boys ran and told their Dean that they were smoking. . . Well, it was not true, their breath was just showing in the cold air. (There was always someone playing watch-dog, wasn’t there???)

My special friend Maren Lauritz lost her mother while she was at Auburn, and she couldn’t even go home because the Alaskan ships were too costly and infrequent. Then her step-dad told her he didn’t want her home again. My parents helped Maren through her AA years, and an uncle of hers helped for WWC so she could pursue her course. She married a man from Missouri while working for ARAMCO and had a wonderful life. Maren was a ward of Prof. Hubbs, too. Once we were naughty and took a bus into Seattle. Anyone else would have been kicked out—but Prof had to keep us. . . poor Prof. (We did a lot of free labor.)

My years at AA were really more indelible, more precious to me than college was. I think it may be that the war, the smaller group in the dorms, the closer contact with the faculty, made us a tight group. I say that with a lot of unanswered questions because my sister never felt that way. Maybe it was just me. I had been in eight grade schools in the eight grades. I had been very ill with rheumatic fever as a child and there were a lot of factors in the picture unique to me. I believe God placed me in AA.

I appreciate your interest in the project. I am proud to have known you and learn that your life is so satisfactory. I am a porcelain artist and hold teacher’s credentials in both the World (WOCP) and International (IPAT) organizations. I have 3 children and 8 grandchildren, and one new great granddaughter.

Lovingly, Carolyn (Tracy) Hesser

Romeo's Kids

Pleasant memories of life at Auburn Academy! Prof. Hubbs had a great sense of humor. My brother Elmer and I, along with a couple of others, skipped school one day in January and went ice skating at a lake 20 miles from Auburn. The next day, one of the teachers demanded a written excuse for having missed her class.

We visited Professor Hubbs' office with a bit of fear and trembling. He acted a bit gruff at first, but his sense of humor broke through. With a grin on his face, he wrote an excuse. This was the message: "These boys were engaged in an innocuous perambulation."

My chosen career was in medicine. My last twenty years were as an ER physician in Napa, CA. I served two stints in the Army (WW II and Korean). My Korean service was in the 11th Airborne Division as a parachuting doctor. Yes, I am sure you all knew I was a bit nutty.

Ronald B. Maddox
Ashland, Oregon

John Ward wrote a couple small “books” and here are the high lights of each:

Romeo and his Kids—He was a special guy. “Prof” as we called him may have been odd, eccentric, flashy, handsome, dashing, tall with a crop of white wavy hair that made him look even taller than his 6 foot plus. Who was this guy? Our principal, umpire, lover of life and kids. He wore gray tweed suits and lavender ties. He paraded big words—some he must have made up. We could never forget his spouting “spizerunctum” or was it “speserinktum”?

We are no longer “kids,” but some call us pioneers or even “Geriatric Kids.” Prof’s Kids became parents and grandparents of AA alumni. Some, no, all were retired farmers, loggers, doctors, PhD’s MD’s DDS’s, teachers; some were college professors, business men and women, preachers, veterans of WWII (sailors, soldiers, marines) merchants, fishers of salmon and men, physical therapists, lab techs. Girls, ladies who had waited behind but served as well as oilers, pilots, the backbone of offices, family as mothers, wives, teachers, missionaries, doctors, loggers and farmers.

These “kids” flew in from Indiana, Texas, Canada, California and all points of the northwest. How could they do less? This had been projected as the last meeting. Aged, grizzled and gray, but ever standing tall and for a moment with spring in their step. Age and the grave had consumed many.

Each carried with him or her memories of AA days. All seemed to remember the story of Prof (of course it was just rumor) driving down the railroad tracks with demure dorm mother, Evelyn Lindberg, screaming, “Boss, we shouldn’t be here or do this, should we?” YEP, rumor has it Prof didn’t just bump along at 10 miles an hour but sailed along at 75 miles per hour. It’s a wonder he didn’t tear up the suspension of his “President” (Studebaker that is), on the train tracks. We, his Kids couldn’t help but wonder how many speeding tickets our Prof accumulated.

Each “Kid”—Pioneer, that is—has his or her memories of the man who loved, and made them love education. Here are one man’s favorite memories. That man says, “Thanks, Prof, for inspiring me to finish college and work in education for 40 years.”

Once when Prof was the Educational Superintendent for South Eastern California Conference, I stopped by his house to salute him. Mama Hubbs took over the conversation. Prof couldn’t get a work in edgewise. In desperation, after cajoling her to let him speak, Prof picked her up by the waist, put her on top of the refrigerator and said, “Now you’ll be quiet while we go to the front room and visit.”

Another time while I was recuperating from surgery on both arms (a left bicep repair and right elbow nerve transplant) I conned my pal Dr. H.F. Fischer into taking me to LaSierra for Sabbath. Prof slipped up behind me and grabbed both my elbows and hoisted me high above his head in greeting. He couldn’t quite understand my yip and reaction. Yes, when I explained about the surgery, he was most apologetic.

One Halloween someone rang the outside wind up fire siren. No one knew who did so, but the guy ran like me. Prof met me on the way to chapel and invited me in for a confession. Confession for what? I knew nothing about the ringing of the siren. During announcements, Prof said “I know who rang the fire siren and if he doesn’t come in and confess, I’ll bring the roof down.” At that, for emphasis, he hit the pulpit and all the plaster on the ceiling in the back of the chapel on our quadrant, plummeted onto our heads. No, Prof didn’t know who rang the siren—but a Nisei kid three guys down from me knew, because later he told me he did it. And yes, he was my size and ran like me. When did all this happen? In 1941.

Christmas day 1940, Dad told me to pack, get out and never come home again. I walked to town with my scantily packed suitcase, stood in front of a bakery window, very hungry, but

knowing I could sleep under the bakery steps and join the Navy the next day. Harold Maddox happened by in his Model A Roadster, stopped and asked what I was doing and why I was standing on my lower lip. After hearing my story, he took me up to the Academy. Prof and Jake Mehling were checking the walk-in refrigerator. He gruffly spoke, "So you want to go to academy, move in, that is. Do you have any income? Let me see that suitcase. WHAT, no sheets. Here's \$10—get some sheets tomorrow and move in." I moved in and continue to say, "Thanks, Prof, I'm proud to be one of your kids—Romeo's Kids."

Remember? OH, yes, remember skating and marching—we called it vegetarian dancing! Campus days, ball games and races consumed we who now totter. In class competitions, we pitted juniors against seniors, greased the flagpole and fought like teddy bears. Graduation consumed us and Uncle Sam called us. Gone were the sneaky walks to White River or down Muckleshoot to Green River. Girls and guys took MCC. War beckoned us. Times were changing but little did any of us dream how much. Casa Loma, Regina. Oh! The memories in a foxhole or army bunk, of the fun in Boys' Club or visions of the girls' activities in Regina. The Village Club, a coed venture, left all wishing the other two were coed. Camp meeting pranks even flashed into minds as guys washed communion feet in helmets just prior to the blood baths. Paint falling on heads as summer crews laughed at scapegoats' misfortune. Mess hall duty drew memories of academy kitchen help grabbing dishes while hungry workers still needed them. The GI would find himself or herself laughing about eating factory dust, only it was the acrid smell of gunpowder. How guys dreamed of banquets, open house and the sweet smell of shave lotion coupled with a Regina girl's perfume. When the Chaplain preached, minds went back to Elder Pease's Bible classes. Some guys thanked God for physics or chemistry under Prof Jewett. When a service band or choir sang, the lonely mind returned to AA and its music programs. The yearbook pictures flattered, but the *Stars and Stripes* couldn't compare to the *Rainier Echoes*.

Memories of our beloved Auburn Academy with the snow capped mountain, OUR Mt. Rainier, as it smiled down on us. Still embedded in our minds are the words: "Hillside and valley, Mountain of Snow. Sun on the meadow gleaming far below. Nestled 'mid fir trees, our school so dear, Training for service at Auburn Academy."

Places we remember: The Point, The Triangle, The Red Rooster, Peckenpaugh Drugstore, 99 East and West, Kent, Enumclaw, Auburn, Carbon Glacier, Lake Wilderness and many others.

FRIENDS FOREVER

One of the most rewarding experiences of going to Auburn Adventist Academy was the opportunity to meet and make new friends. These friendships have developed into a lifelong camaraderie. As I look back on the friendships formed at AAA, they are some of the most intimate and personal friends that have remained true and loyal for more than 60 years.

The best Friend of all, magnified and honored by students and faculty alike, was that of our eternal God and Savior, Jesus Christ. The fellowship with lifelong academy friends has encouraged many to maintain a strong and loyal discipleship with the Friend of Friends who offers us an eternity of friendship and happiness. May each of our alumni be included in the promise of Jesus. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14

Being a "Romeo Kid" helps to remember a little incident that might be of interest. It was at the end of our annual Ingathering Day. We had all returned to campus when a scuffle broke out on the side of the Administration Building. It was more of a fun struggle, but a fire extinguisher was involved. Harris Norton had a hold on it, and Professor Hubbs intervened by attempting to rescue the fire extinguisher, only to be showered with acid spray. As far as I know "Romeo" never wore that suit again. In keeping with his good nature, however, I don't recall that Harris Norton was ever disciplined for his part in the fracas.

Submitted by Bill Lawson

I became acquainted with Prof. Hubbs during my junior year at Auburn Academy when he succeeded John Z. Hottel as principal in 1936. My father, J. W. Rowland, had been on the faculty for two years as Bible teacher so I was a faculty kid, living in the community. I moved into the dormitory for my senior year when my father accepted a call to Canadian Union College. That year I was elected student-body president which resulted in a much closer contact with the man, R. L. Hubbs. I never learned what the “L” stood for.

Prof. Hubbs was a unique individual--tall, handsome, well-dressed, elegantly coiffured with a ready grin. He had class but was very approachable. His bearing smacked of vanity but his demeanor was as common as an old shoe. In short, his students loved him!

He was a Studebaker fan and nothing would do but the latest. Well do I remember when this auto maker came out with a “hill-holder” on his newest model. In an area with many hills and an era when approaching a stoplight on an up-grade required fancy brake and clutch coordination, an invention like the hill-holder was indeed a great innovation. On one of our frequent trips to Seattle he turned the wheel over to me so that I could experience this marvel of engineering. To be granted such a privilege was one of the highlights of our many contacts.

One outstanding memory was his frequent reference to two famous philosophers, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer; no doubt to impress us with his classical knowledge.

Many of our interactions regarded student-association business. We chose as our big project the replacement of the chapel seating with padded, theater-type equipment. As the plans developed it was necessary for me and some of my officers to make trips to Seattle to check on prospective sources—e. g. theaters upgrading their seating. It was to Prof.’s credit that he entrusted us, as elected student officers, with the responsibility of doing the preliminary scouting. I remember one occasion when I told him we needed to go into Seattle on SA business, which, of course, meant skipping classes. This was early in the day. He was still at home. I remember he came out on his front porch where we talked. When I presented my request, with a rather amused expression he said, “Let’s see. What’s showing in Seattle this week?” To the best of my recollection we did not betray his confidence.

Whether it was that particular trip I do not remember; however, on one occasion our group of officers (all male) returned to the campus after supper. We were hungry, so we went down to the kitchen to see what we might beg. Surprisingly, the place was open but deserted. So someone (not me) suggested opening one of the near-gallon unlabeled cans on the pantry shelf to see if by chance it might contain peaches—a fruit canned assembly-line fashion each summer. Unfortunately it turned out to be corn. A couple more were also corn. The contents were subsequently flushed down the drain. While this was going on a student night watchman (I don’t remember who it was) came through on his rounds. He didn’t say anything to us and we went back to the dorm and forgot all about the incident—until Monday morning! While classes were passing Principal Hubbs met me in the hall and beckoned me into his office. He went over to the window and contemplated the campus for what seemed like eternity, then turned to me and said, “Rowland, which would you rather do, dig ditches or grub raspberries?” Everything came together in an instant. We discussed what had happened and I disclaimed, rightfully, that I had had anything to do with this fiasco, and, in fact, had urged the “others” to cease after the second can of corn. Our chat was very amicable and I thought no more about it. I graduated as salutatorian of the class only to find out after the ceremony that my indiscretion had cost me the scholarship to Walla Walla College annually presented at graduation. Through all this Hubbs and I remained staunch friends. He did what he had to do.

Instead of going to Walla Walla I came to Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, because my father was called to the Bible department here. I have been retired for 20 years, married a campus queen, headed the biology department for 16 years, served as academic dean for nine and then performed similar duties at our Adventist Mountain View College, Mindanao, Philippines for six years before retiring.

God has been good to me throughout my career and since retirement, and I owe much to Auburn Adventist Academy and Professor Romeo L. Hubbs. He has been one of the most colorful icons in my memory bank.